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Letter from Robert Patterson to his mother Julia dated July 10, 1864

Robert Patterson

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Camp near Chattahoochee River Georgia

Sunday July 10/64

Dear Mother

The Army is at last on the banks of the river and are taking a long looked for and much needed rest.

The enemy evacuated a very strong position at Kennesaw Mountain in consequence of being in danger of being cut-off by our sight getting between them and the river.

We can see the church spires in Atlanta very plainly and by climbing into the tree tops can get a good view of nearly all of the town with the aid of a glass. It is about seven miles from here and seems to be about as large as Dayton. The country is rolling and fortified in every direction but Sherman says that he can take possession of the town whenever he pleases. The enemy had a picket line on this side of the river until last night.

When they were withdrawn.

The country through which we have passed is very hilly and poor soil and thinly inhabited. I am considerably surprised and disappointed at the quality of the land having always supposed that this was the garden of the South. The country I am told is better on the south side of the River. It is healthy here yet, and we have a good supply of good water, a great thing in an Army. The weather has been intensely hot for a week but the nights are cool so while we are not marching we do not suffer very much.

I have not heard from Will since last week. He was then at a hospital at Big Sandy. He is either well or gone to Chattanooga. I shall go to the Regt this evening and find out where he is if I can. It is about two miles from here.

I have written a number of letters to you, and have received only one

Which was from Steve who said
that you had written to me. And that
some had come from me. The Mails
have been very irregular but hope
they will be better now.

There is some talk of this Corps
(Hookers Iron Clads as they call us) having
to go back to Virginia after we are
paid off. I hope it is not so for we
have with the 4th done all of the hard
work or at least a great part of it and
I think if any benefits are derived
that we are entitled to them. If such
is to be our fate though we will have
to bear it I suppose. I do not care
about any thing but the long ride. It is
very hard nearly if not quite as much
as marching. The report is only what
we call a grapevine despatch and there
may be nothing of it.

I wrote to Steve about Major
Bucklets death. He was universally

longer
by all who knew him and his loss
is very severely felt.

I cannot write a long letter as
it is Sunday and we hold our inspection
at ten o'clock and the mail goes out
immediately after. Please remembrance
to all

Your affectionate son
R. Patterson

P.S. We are all out of P Stamps so
you must excuse my sending this
without. When the Post Master comes
I will get a supply as he generally
carries them.